

The Junkyard

By:

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1

EXT. PARKING LOT - STREET RACERS MEETING SPOT - NIGHT

1

Crowded lot. Blowers hissing. Turbos chirping. The smell of oil and burnt rubber in the air. **BRIAN ROBINSON**, 21 yo Under ground street racer, walks toward his car, calm but locked in.

(RACING TEAM STICKERS ON WINDSHIELD & BACK WINDOW.)

DOUG "DOG" ROBINSON (32) Occupation: Ex-drag car mechanic / fabricator Nicknamed **"DOG"**.

DOG was the hands behind the legend. While his brother tore up the streets, **DOG** lived in the grease and grit of the garage — building monsters out of scrapyard bones. They didn't have money for factory-perfect performance parts, but **DOG** had the brains to make wrecks run like wildfire. Swapped blocks, mismatched transmissions, — it didn't matter. He made it work.

Together, The **ROBINSON** brothers were underdog kings of the outlaw racing scene

2

EXT. PARKING LOT - STREET RACERS MEETING SPOT - NIGHT CONT.

2

DOG is finishing tuning the engine. Sweat on his brow. He slams the hood shut.

BRIAN

So? How's she feel?

DOG

Like a loaded gun. She's ready to fire.

BRIAN

Good. I'm up in five.

BRIAN straps in. Gloves on. **DOG** kneels near the rear suspension, adjusting something.

DOG

(from under the car)
Who's the mark? What's the payout?

BRIAN

I'm racing a modified hatchback with a big block NEAL JEFFERY race engine and a blower. For 5 grand.

DOG

I feel she will beat anything she's lined up against.

DOG (CONT'D)
 She's hungry. Go feed her.

3 **EXT./PARKING LOT-STREET RACERS MEETING SPOT/ NIGHT.CONT.**

3

DOG crawls back out from under car, walks to open drivers window, leans in.

BRIAN
 Ya think can beat him?

DOG
 She won't just beat him—she'll humiliate him, I bumped your nitrous jets to 250. Softened the rear. You'll launch like a rocket.

BRIAN
 (stunned)
 Two-fifty? That's a lotta juice.

DOG
 (grinning)
 Trust the build. You're not just driving my work — you are my work.

BRIAN starts cars engine, revs few times.

ENGINE STARTS
 VRRROOOOMMMMM

ENGINE REVS
 VRRROOOOMMMMM
 VRRROOOOMMMMM
 VRRROOOOMMMMM

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. BACK ROAD STREET RACE - NIGHT**

4

A jagged row of headlights burns through the fog. Old semis, muscle cars, and DIY hot rods line the cracked asphalt like a steel audience.

Engines idle — snarling beasts waiting to be unleashed. The air smells like burnt rubber, gas, and sweat.

A hand-painted banner flaps in the wind: **"BLACKTOP BLOODLINE - WINNER TAKES ALL."**

CLOSE ON: **BRIAN**

Slick with sweat. Focused. Hands on the wheel of his stripped-out, nitrous-fed hot rod. The paint's scorched. Hood bolted down with mismatched latches. But it growls like thunder.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(into mic, echoing)
Final race. **BRIAN 'No-Lift'**
ROBINSON... versus **DALE "RAZOR"**
RICK.

DALE "RAZOR" RICK. revs beside him — an all-grey Hatchback with LED underglow and a sneer behind the wheel.

BRIAN cracks his neck. Breathes slow. Then —

Slams his glove compartment shut — inside, hidden NITROUS ARM SWITCHES.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Flag's up. This is it.

A girl in cutoff shorts steps between the cars. Raises her arms. A moment of silence.

SFX: ENGINES SCREAM.

Her hands DROP —

BOOM.

Both cars LAUNCH.

Rubber explodes into smoke. Taillights disappear into the darkness.

IN CAR — **BRIAN**

He shifts hard. Knuckles white. Dashboard rattling. Gauges flicker redline. The nitrous button looms.

CUT TO: REAR SHOT — THE CARS TEARING THROUGH THE NIGHT.

BRIAN inches ahead — wind howling past rusted seams — but smoke starts trailing from his hood.

ENGINE COUGHS —

He slams the nitrous. One last chance.

INTENSE VIBRATION — METAL ON METAL SHRIEKS —

But the hot rod surges.

HE CROSSES THE FINISH LINE — A FULL CAR LENGTH AHEAD.

Crowd ROARS. People swarm. Cash exchanges hands. Phones film the chaos.

BRIAN'S car sputters, coasts... then dies.

IN CAR — SMOKE FLOODING CABIN

BRIAN sits, breathless. Hood steaming.

He won — but the engine's blown.

He leans his head back on the seat, eyes closed.

BRIAN

(grinning, to himself)
Guess it's time for a different
engine.

FADE TO:

(ON SCREEN TEXT)

NEXT DAY

5

EXT. JUNKYARD — DAY — NEXT DAY

5

Old car up on blocks. **BRIAN'S** under it, wrenching the transmission loose. **DOG'S** up top with the hoist.

DOG

Careful under there. That frame's
rusted to hell.

BRIAN

She's stuck. I just need to shake
her free.

BRIAN jerks the transmission. Car shifts slightly.

DOG

BRIAN— wait—

CRASH.

The car slams down. A scream. Then silence.

DOG rushes over. Tries to lift the frame with bare hands.
Can't. Tries again. Nothing.

He drops to his knees. His brother's body is twisted,
motionless. **DOG** stares, broken.

6

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY - MOMENTS AFTER THE ACCIDENT

6

DOG kneels beside **BRIAN'S** crushed body. His hands are covered
in grease and blood. The silence is unbearable, broken only
by the wind and a rattling chain in the distance.

BRIAN'S fingers twitch once... then stop.

DOG
(whispers)
No... no no no ...

DOG stands. Stares blankly at the car.

At the brother he couldn't save.

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC.

He backs away slowly, walking into the darkness.

Leaving behind on the car that his brothers lifeless body now
lies dead under, a faded photo of two young brothers.
Smiling. One of them now just a ghost.

FADE OUT.

Broken pieces of garbled reports can be heard in back ground.

7

INT. NEWS REPORT V.O.

7

MALE REPORTER (V.O.)
BRIAN ROBINSON, 21, was killed
yesterday in what authorities call
a tragic freak accident...

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
Crushed beneath a vehicle at a
local salvage yard. Investigators
say the fatal blow was a shattered
skull...

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
DOUG "Dog" ROBINSON — his older
brother — has not been seen since.

FADE IN:

ON-SCREEN TEXT: "Four Years Later"

PAN TO:

8 **EXT. REMOTE BACKWOODS - MIDDAY**

8

A beat-up school bus turned home, buried in weeds and rust. An engine hoist sways in the wind. A chained dog barks furiously from a broken-down doghouse. Crows circle above.

BARK. BARK. BARK.

PAN BY:

Past the yard Toward a shack. Tin walls. Scorched windows.

CUT TO:

9 **INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS**

9

Dim light filters in through cracks in the scorched tin. Dust floats in shafts of sun. Every surface is covered in grime, rusted tools, or twisted bits of metal. A small, ancient TV hums with static in the corner.

CLOSE ON - A WALL

Newspapers, police sketches, and pictures are tacked in a chaotic grid. Faces are scratched out. Dates circled. Some articles yellowed, others fresh.

PAN OVER NEARBY - A WORKBENCH

A crude metal mask lies half-finished. Stitched leather. Jagged edges. Rusty rivets hammered in by hand.

SFX: METAL CLANGING

Someone is working.

REVEAL - THE BACK OF A MAN

Broad shoulders. Greasy overalls. His face unseen. He tightens a bolt onto something large - it's unclear if it's mechanical... or anatomical.

CLOSE ON - HIS HANDS

Calloused. Scarred. Moving with surgical precision. He wipes sweat on his sleeve, then picks up a blade — not a knife. Something hand-forged. Crude. Personal.

THE DOG (O.S.)

Still barking. BARK BARK BARK!

The man finally stops.

He tilts his head. Listens.

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

10

Far off — a vehicle's engine echoes faintly through the trees.

BACK TO: THE SHACK

The man doesn't move. Just listens. One breath.

Then —

He reaches for the mask, slips it over his head.

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC.

His hands are steady, but his soul is elsewhere.

Something in the shadows is being born

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

(On Screen Text)

6 YEARS AFTER ACCIDENT - PRESENT DAY

11 **EXT. BACK COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

11

An aggressive, distorted rock song pounds through a cheap car stereo.

The camera focuses on **LUKE** (late 20s), a high school dropout turned auto mechanic with a restless fire in his eyes,

Taps the steering wheel to the relentless beat. His worn leather jacket and calloused hands speak of hard-lived days. Next to him,

JOSLYN (early 20s), a trailer park tough with secrets hidden behind a defiant smile, rides shotgun—a girl whose addiction battles mirror her inner turmoil.

Both of them are disconnected from anything except the chaos of the music.

12 **EXT. BACK COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

12

A lone ribbon of asphalt winds through barren hills under a steely sky. As a battered sports car roars along the open road. The song ends as **LUKE** pulls up in front of a junkyard garage, music fading into the wind.

CUT TO:

13 **INT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - DAY**

13

The old, creaky overhead doorbells jingle as **LUKE** and **JOSLYN** enter the junkyard's office. Creepy old 30`s/40`s music plays in background. A faded, greasy light bulb flickers above.

Dust motes dance in the slanting light. Behind a cluttered desk, the **JUNKYARD OWNER**—a rugged man with a thick redneck drawl—eyes them suspiciously.

JUNKYARD OWNER

(roughly)

Whatchya lookin' for?

LUKE

I need a cylinder head for a '90 Chevy.

JUNKYARD OWNER

(squints, thinking)

I think there's a few down on the flats, in the yard.

LUKE

(nods)

Appreciate it. Let's roll, Jos.

They turn and exit, the bells jingling again as they leave the office

14

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

14

LUKE and **JOSLYN** descend a steep, cluttered path into the maze of rusted metal and forgotten parts. Shadows stretch among heaps of discarded dreams.

JOSLYN

(raising an eyebrow)
I thought you needed that cylinder head?

LUKE

(voice low, guarded)
I don't—what I need isn't what they think I'm after.

They walk deeper into the junkyard's underbelly, their voices echoing against tangled piles of scrap.

JOSLYN

(confused)
Then what are we really doin'?

LUKE

A few days back, while working nearby, I spotted a turbocharger I've had my eye on. I fibbed about needing the wrong part so they'd leave me alone when I swiped it.
(pauses, intensity mounting)

We're scraping by as is; we can't afford a new one. Once I lift it out, we'll mask it in the toolbox with our tools—nobody will be the wiser.

JOSLYN

So, what, we're stealing it?

LUKE

(grinning)
Yep. Once it's off, we hide it in the toolbox and tell him we couldn't find what we came for. Easy. Free.

They reach a beaten-up turbocharged truck, its engine bay cluttered with possibilities.

15 **EXT. JUNKYARD - LATER**

15

LUKE kneels under a truck, working quickly to remove the turbocharger. The metallic echo of his movements matches the pounding of his determined heart.

JOSLYN, reluctantly standing nearby, watches. After a beat, her curiosity gets the better of her.

JOSLYN

(grumbling)

Make it quick, babe. I don't wanna
be stuck here all day.

JOSLYN begins to wander, distracted by the junk around her.

16 **EXT. JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

16

LUKE, continues working on the truck. He leans back slightly, reaching for a tool.

LUKE

(shouting)

JOS.... Where the fuck are you?

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. JUNKYARD - A FEW ROWS AWAY - DAY**

17

JOSLYN roams among the vehicles. Drawn by curiosity and desperation, she rummages through open doors—finding loose change, old cassette tapes, relics of a simpler past.

She's not looking for anything in particular—just lost in her own world.

JOSLYN leans out a car's open door.

JOSLYN

I'm over here dumb ass.

LUKE

Just keep watch, I am almost done
here.

18 **EXT. JUNKYARD - A FEW ROWS AWAY - CONTINUOUS**

18

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC.

JOSLYN continues to wonder farther away from **LUKE** as she's deep in her own thoughts while searching vehicles.

Suddenly, she spots something that catches her eye—an old pipe resting on the fender of a car. Her eyes linger on it. There's something hauntingly familiar about it. Before she can think twice, a voice interrupts her thoughts.

BROCK (O.S.)

(low, gruff voice)

You want a hit?

JOSLYN jumps, startled, and looks around. A man in his 30s-50s, **BROCK**, is leaning over the hood of an old car. His hands are greasy. He looks like he's been here for years.

JOSLYN hesitates, uncertainty etched on her face.

BROCK (CONT'D)

(smiling slyly, offering
the pipe)

C'mon, just one. You know you want
it.

JOSLYN, eyes flicking nervously to the pipe, considers for a moment before grabbing it.

JOSLYN

(quietly)

Alright. Just one. To get through
the day.

She takes a hit from the pipe, coughing violently. **BROCK** watches her closely, his eyes heavy with something darker.

BROCK

(laughing softly)

Easy there, girl...

JOSLYN coughs again, her body shuddering with the harshness of the hit. She's losing herself in the fog of the high.

BROCK (CONT'D)

(leans in, low and smooth)

Now, how 'bout you pay me back?

JOSLYN

(confused)

Pay you back for what?

He pulls her in closer by the arm, his grip tight and possessive.

BROCK

(whispers in her ear)

How 'bout something a little...
more personal?

Before she can answer, **BROCK'S** hand grips her arm roughly, pulling her close. His intentions darken as he forces her toward the side of a decrepit car.

But **JOSLYN** is too far away, lost in the haze of her own thoughts and the desperate situation she's found herself in

19 **EXT. JUNKYARD - LATER**

19

JOSLYN is standing near the car, frozen. **BROCK** has her pinned against the hood, her body tense with fear. Her hands tremble as she tries to push him off. It's a brutal, invasive moment.

CUT TO:

20 **INT. UNDER THE TRUCKS HOOD - LATER- DAY**

20

LUKE'S hands work fast and firm under the vehicle. His focus is razor-sharp. Suddenly, a harsh, metallic sound disrupts his concentration. **LUKE** calls out to **JOSLYN**, without looking back.

LUKE

Hand me a 5/8ths, babe...

LUKE, Reaches hand back.

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC.

CLOSE IN ON: GLOVED HAND

Without warning, a gloved hand, slick and relentless, lays a heavy 5/8 wrench in his hand.

From the shadows, a gloved hand emerges. It's quick. A crowbar swings, crashing into **LUKE'S** neck with terrifying precision.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(gasping, falling to his
knees)

Wha-?

Blood gushes from his neck, splattering on the dirt. He tries to scream, but his voice is gone. His hands claw at his throat, but it's too late. **LUKE** collapses face-first into the dirt, motionless.

CUT TO:

The camera spins slowly around LUKE'S face, his eyes flickering. The world tilts as he gasps for air, drowning in his own blood.

FADE TO.

Title

Junkyard

ON-SCREEN TEXT:

NEXT DAY

21 **EXT. NORTHERN UPSTATE NY - COLLEGE BAR - FALL NIGHT** 21

A small bar off-campus, pulsing with life. Red plastic cups litter the sidewalk. Bass thumps inside, rattling glass panes.

22 **INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT** 22

Packed wall-to-wall. Bodies sway. Laughter cuts through thick air. The center of the bar glows — string lights and blacklight posters make it pulse like a nightclub.

KEVIN (24-30s, laid-back stoner with Southern swagger) dances with **HEATHER** (early 20s, glam, bratty, Miami-bred). She's draped on him like he's her throne. A drink in one hand, phone in the other.

KEVIN raps along with the music, easy and playful.

HEATHER

(flashing a devilish
smile)

You ever not freestyle at a party?

KEVIN

Only when I'm sleepin', girl.

They laugh, kiss, clink drinks.

ANGLE ON: **LEE** (22-30's, wiry jock) leaning on a beer-slicked table, buzzed but lucid. He watches them, amused.

LEE

(shouting over the music)

Yo! **KEVIN!**

KEVIN

(not missing a beat)
Yooo!

LEE

You remember we gotta scoop **AUTUMN**
from the bus station tomorrow,
right? Before we hit the woods?

KEVIN looks up, raises a brow.

KEVIN

Course I remember, bro. Wouldn't
ditch your sis like that.

LEE

Man... I ain't seen her in *forever*.
She's all grown now, huh?

HEATHER

(rolling her eyes)
Wait – you're bringing your *sister*
on the trip?

LEE

(grinning)
Yup. First real camping trip. She
could use a break from... whatever
the hell her world is.

KEVIN shrugs, raising his cup.

KEVIN

More the merrier. Just don't make
me carry her bags.

HEATHER

(sarcastic)
Great. Camp counselor vibes just
hit an all-time high.

They laugh. From the kitchen – a roar of cheers. Someone just
downed a flaming shot.

SMASH TO BLACK.

23

EXT. COLLEGE FRAT HOUSE - NEXT DAY - FALL MORNING

23

Golden leaves swirl. A beat-up SUV idles at the curb. Its
hood is popped, steam curling.

KEVIN works under the hood – battery, radiator, oil. Quick and smooth. A mechanic's grace.

LEE drags out gear – sleeping bags, coolers, backpacks. Efficient, focused.

Inside the SUV, **HEATHER** adjusts her makeup in the visor mirror. She sighs loudly.

HEATHER

Ugh. Remind me – why are we bringing a *literal child* on our fall break? Weed, booze... God knows what else.

KEVIN

Because her folks are overseas. Work trip.

LEE

And her friends ditched her. She'd be home alone.

HEATHER

(snapping compact closed)
She could've watched cartoons. Done teenager things.

KEVIN

(grim smile)
She's **LEE'S** sister. He hasn't seen her in months. And you're not her keeper.

LEE tosses his duffel in the back. **KEVIN** slams the hood, hops in the driver's seat. Tosses an oily rag – it lands near **HEATHER'S** feet.

HEATHER

(disgusted)
Ew! That's where my *shoes* go!

KEVIN

(deadpan)
Buckle up.

She pouts. Cranks the radio. Pop music BLARES.

The SUV pulls away – leaves flutter in the exhaust trail.

A greyhound pulls away. The station is near-empty.

AUTUMN (13-16, quiet, observant, not of this world) sits on the curb with a backpack hugged close.

The SUV rolls up. Window down.

LEE

Hop in. We got a long ride ahead.

AUTUMN slips in behind **HEATHER**. The car fills with casual greetings. She's shy – eyes darting. Phone in her hands, earbuds in.

The SUV merges into traffic, heading toward the wilderness.

Few hours later they all fall asleep.

JUMP CUT TO:

25

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

25

KEVIN pulls the SUV up to a gas pump. He shuts the engine off and steps out, stretching before unscrewing the gas cap and pumping fuel.

Inside the SUV, the music cuts out. In the sudden silence, **LEE**, **HEATHER**, and **AUTUMN** stir awake.

LEE

(grumbling)

Where the hell are we?

HEATHER

(sighing)

Ugh, finally. I need a bathroom—and a snack.

The three climb out and head toward the convenience store.

26

INT. GAS STATION STORE - DAY

26

HEATHER heads straight to the bathroom. **LEE** and **AUTUMN** load their arms with chips, candy, and snacks.

Short while after **HEATHER** emerges, grabs two cases of beer, and joins them.

27 **EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

27

KEVIN finishes pumping gas. He slides back into the driver's seat, flips open a small notepad, and starts scribbling lyrics, nodding to a beat coming from the stereo—low, heavy rap.

SFX: Horror score music.

(CLOSE IN ON) A PAIR OF DUSTY BOOTS APPROACH THE SIDE.

A CROW squawks in the distance.

CROW

CAWW!

BAM-BAM. A sharp knock hits the driver-side window.

KEVIN jumps, startled.

BUM (O.S.)

Yo, bro—you got a cig?

KEVIN looks up at a scruffy stranger peering in.

KEVIN

(startled, annoyed)

Nah, man—I don't smoke.

The bum shrugs and wanders off.

28 **INT./EXT./ GAS STATION/ DAY.**

28

AUTUMN, LEE, HEATHER Cash out what they all bought together, Each one pitching in some cash..

LEE

Hey can you tell me about how far
SUNNY MOUTAIN CAMP GROUNDS are?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Your about 1:30-1:45 hour drive
away, Depending on how you drive...

Moments later, **LEE, AUTUMN,** and **HEATHER** return to the vehicle, bags in hand.

29 **INT. SUV - DAY**

29

Everyone climbs back in, rustling snack bags and cracking open drinks.

KEVIN

You guys won't believe what just happened.

LEE

Lemme guess—ran out of ink writing all those rhymes?

KEVIN

Nah. Some random dude snuck up on me while I was writing. Banged on the window like a psycho—just wanted a cig.

HEATHER

(laughing)

You got scared by a bum asking for a cigarette?

LEE

(still laughing)

Bro looked like he saw a ghost!

KEVIN

Fuck off—I was in the zone.

LEE

You gotta stay alert. Eyes up. Head on a swivel.

KEVIN rolls his eyes and tosses the notebook and pen into the center console.

He fires up the engine. The bass kicks back in.

They pull out of the gas station, heading back on the road.

30

EXT. BACK COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

30

The SUV cruises down a winding, rural back road. Trees line the edges. Music blares from the speakers. **HEATHER** leans back, eyes closed. **AUTUMN** taps at her phone. **LEE** lazily passes a bag of chips.

KEVIN drives, window cracked. He lights a cigarette, lost in the beat.

Suddenly—a loud hiss. Steam pours from under the hood.

KEVIN

What the hell...

The SUV sputters and slows to a stop. **KEVIN** eases it onto the shoulder and kills the engine.

HEATHER

(sitting up, annoyed)
Yo—what the fuck now?

KEVIN

No idea. Just lost all power.

KEVIN puts the SUV in park and hops out. He pops the hood—a blast of steam hits him in the face.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Fuck me...

He steps back, sees coolant pouring onto the dirt.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Water pump's fucked. Top hose is torn open.

KEVIN kicks the front bumper in frustration.

HEATHER leans out the window.

HEATHER

How bad is it?

KEVIN

Real bad.

HEATHER

(bitchy)
Come on what the hell we gonna do now, we are supposed to be at camp grounds by dark to check in..

LEE

That ain't good...

AUTUMN gets out of vehicle, comes up to **HEATHERS** side window.
LEE joins him at the front.

LEE (CONT'D)

I don't know shit about cars, but yea looks fucked up to me.

LEE (CONT'D)

Yea don't look like we will be making it camping before dark.

AUTUMN, phone in hand.

AUTUMN

We should call a tow. You got AAA?

LEE

Hell no. Tow truck brings cops—and I got weed on me. Not going to jail for a busted radiator.

LEE (CONT'D)

That's Not going to happen. Don't feel like going to jail today.. Thank you very much.

HEATHER

(sarcastic)

Awesome. So we're just stranded?

KEVIN

We'll figure it out. I just need a pump and a hose. Then coolant, and we're good.

AUTUMN'S already searching on her phone.

AUTUMN

What do you need to fix it?

KEVIN

(Said in sang talk)

Well.. Probly just a good water pump for this engine and a hose. Then top off coolant.

LEE wonders off by shoulder of road, not far away throwing rocks deep into the woods/field.

LEE

(Yells)

YEA, how the hell we gonna get all that. Is a little green guy in his ship going to deliver it to us?

HEATHER

Come on now we in the middle of nowhere's. There's probly not a parts store or an auto garage for 5 to 10 miles from here.

AUTUMN continues to look for help online on phone.

AUTUMN

There's a junkyard nearby. Says it's open. Like, really close.

LEE

How close?

AUTUMN

Maybe a 30-60-minute walk.

HEATHER

(tired)

Seriously? I didn't come out here to hike.

KEVIN

I'll go solo if I have to.

LEE

Nah--no one's going alone. We go together. Grab what we need. Get back. Fix it.

AUTUMN

Fine. I just want to get to the campsite before it turns into a Blair Witch sequel.

AUTUMN talking to **KEVIN**.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

How did you even in college anyways being high all the time?

HEATHER takes joint/bowl from **KEVIN** to take a hit.

KEVIN

Easy, I'm taking the easiest courses, (coughs up) laughs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

.....Photography!

HEATHER

Photography, what the hell are you taking that for. What are you trying to do with your life?

KEVIN

I am gonna be a PORN Director/Producer.

HEATHER

EEEEWW. You fucking perv.

31 **EXT. BACK COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. CONT.**

31

KEVIN

I'll grab some tools.

LEE

(grinning)

I'll grab the weed.

HEATHER groans but gets out.

They start prepping for the walk.

32 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS.**

32

The group walks in the afternoon heat, passing a joint and a couple of beers. The sun hangs low. Laughter drifts through the warm air.

AUTUMN

While we're walking — I gotta ask.
You and Heather... how'd that
start?

KEVIN

(grinning)

Oh man. That was a night.

HEATHER

(smirking)

One of those nights.

AUTUMN

Ooh, love story? Did he rescue you
from a bad Tinder date?

HEATHER

Not even close. College party.
Packed house. I was... maybe a
little too lit.

KEVIN

She was dancing on a couch, yelling
about shot roulette.

HEATHER

Guilty. I think I challenged the
whole room to a chug-off.

KEVIN

And won. Then collapsed right on my
lap like I was a recliner.

HEATHER

Turns out he was the only sober guy in the room. Got me water, walked me out.

KEVIN

Brought her back to my dorm, tossed her a hoodie. She passed out before I could even plug in my phone.

AUTUMN

So... no drunken hookups?

HEATHER

Nope. He actually let me sleep it off. I woke up with a headache and a granola bar on the nightstand.

KEVIN

Classy, right?

AUTUMN

(smirking)

Okay, I'll allow it. That's actually kinda cute.

KEVIN

We've been together since...

AUTUMN

Aww, that *is* cute. How long now?

HEATHER

About two years — come next semester.

They stop briefly. **KEVIN** and **HEATHER** exchange a quick, tender kiss — a quiet moment between them — then fall back in step with the group.

33

EXT. JUNKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

33

The group arrives at a weathered junkyard. Old signs hang crooked. Rusted cars sprawl across the lot like metal corpses. A faded "OFFICE" sign dangles above a lopsided door.

They approach.

34

INT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

34

A dusty bell over the door jingles as they enter.

OVERHEAD BELL
Jingle-jingle...

Inside, the air is thick with motor oil and stale smoke. A small desk, cracked linoleum floor, and a scratchy old-time radio hums a 1930s tune in the background. Creepy but weirdly calming.

HEATHER marches to the desk, slaps the service bell.

SERVICE BELL
Ding. Ding-ding.

No one responds.

KEVIN, LEE, and **AUTUMN** look around. Shelves stacked with odd car parts. A fat pet rat in a cage sits on a nearby stand.

JUNKYARD OWNER, (older hillbilly redneck)

Appearing suddenly behind **HEATHER**.

JUNKYARD OWNER
(redneck English)
How's I help ya`s?

Everyone jumps.

The **JUNKYARD OWNER** is mid-60s, leathery skin, overalls with one strap, covering up a worn-out, oil stained wife-beater, Redneck horror movie energy.

KEVIN
(startled, recovering)
Uh-our ride blew a rad hose. I
think the water pump's toast too.

The **Junkyard Owner** squints, then grins—

JUNKYARD OWNER
Think gots somethings that fix ya`s
up, Down on them flats, out in
yard.
(squints)
Y'all got tools?

LEE
Yeah, we came ready.

JUNKYARD OWNER
(grinning)
Good. Sun's droppin'. I'm closin'
in an hour or so. Try not to dilly-
dally.

(MORE)

JUNKYARD OWNER (CONT'D)
 (gently threatening)
 gots feed dogs, fer em beers/ and
 catch races soon.

He gestures with a filthy hand, then disappears behind a curtain.

A tense pause.

AUTUMN
 (to the others, quietly)
 Was that a warning... or just
 backwoods charm?

HEATHER
 Let's just grab the parts and
 bounce. This place gives me Wrong
 Turn vibes.

35 **EXT/JUNKYARD/ LATE DAY**

35

KEVIN, leaves into junkyard.

AUTUMN, sits down playing game on phone.

LEE steps out for cig.

HEATHER, has to pee.

HEATHER
 Ugh, I gotta pee. Where even is the
 bathroom in this place?

AUTUMN
 I'll go with you.

INT. JUNKYARD BATHROOM - LATE DAY.

The bathroom is dim and grungy—flickering overhead light,
 stained tiles, broken soap dispenser.

HEATHER is in a stall. The sound of peeing echoes awkwardly.

AUTUMN stands at the sink, fixing her hair in the cracked
 mirror, fidgeting with her hoodie.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 Yo... **KEVIN'S** ride is such a piece
 of shit. He should just junk it and
 have this hillbilly haul it away.

We call an Uber, get to the
 campsite, no stress.
 (MORE)

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

In the morning, I'll text my mom—
have her wire me cash. We'll rent
something decent and roll back to
campus in style.

HEATHER

(from stall)
You're savage.

Toilet flushes. **HEATHER** steps out, moves to the sink next to
AUTUMN and starts washing her hands.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(softly, a little
defensive)
Give him a break. He works his ass
off in the studio.

And... he takes good care of me.

AUTUMN

Yeah? Then why's his SUV always
breaking down? It smells like gym
socks and defeat.

HEATHER

(laughing, almost spitting water)
Oh my God—"defeat"? Shut up!
(wiping her face)
It's not *that* bad...

AUTUMN

Nah, it's bad. There's a science
experiment growing in that
backseat.

HEATHER

(snorts, then suddenly serious)
Well... not like we're buying
anything new right now.

*She reaches into her pocket, pulls out something small,
discreetly holds it toward **AUTUMN**.*

AUTUMN

What's that?

HEATHER shows her the test. A faint pink line. A moment of
silence.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

... Whoa.
Does Kevin know?

HEATHER

Not yet. I just found out.

AUTUMN

You gonna tell him?

HEATHER

Yeah... at the campsite.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Tonight. Around the fire. After a couple drinks... I'll just say it. Right there, in front of everyone.

AUTUMN

Damn. That's bold.

(pause)

Think he'll freak?

HEATHER

Maybe.

(small smile)

But it'll make one hell of a story.

CUT TO:

36

INT/ JUNKYARD OFFICE / LATE DAY

36

Creepy old 30`s/40`s music plays in background.

AUTUMN, HEATHER back in JUNKYARD OFFICE.

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC-

HEATHER browses the shelves, curiously poking through random tools and odd objects—clearly trying to distract herself.

AUTUMN sits in a cracked vinyl chair near the front counter, phone in hand, lost in a game. She's relaxed... until—

CLOSE ON **AUTUMN**:

From behind, a hand reaches into frame—grimy fingers slowly tousling her hair.

A long *inhale*.

AUTUMN flinches. Instinctively pulls away, turning—

PERV (50s-60s, grimy shirt, dirty jeans, sweat-beaded face) leans in uncomfortably close. A crooked smile stretches across his face.

PERV

Mmm. You smell real nice...

AUTUMN

(startled, panicked)
Wh-what the hell?!

He grabs her wrist—not tight, but enough to freeze her. His breath reeks.

PERV

Relax, baby girl... I ain't gonna hurt ya.

AUTUMN pulls away, trying to maintain composure, brushing her hair down, adjusting her clothes. She looks around—no help in sight.

PERV (CONT'D)

(smirking)
Such a pretty little thing... soft like peaches.

He reaches again—*his hand slides up toward her thigh.*

Suddenly—

LEE

(off screen)
Yo! HEY!

LEE storms in from the side door, cigarette still burning in his fingers. He sees what's happening, and rips **PERV** back by the shirt collar.

LEE (CONT'D)

Back the fuck off her, man! She's a damn teenager!

AUTUMN stumbles back, shaking.

HEATHER rushes over, sees **LEE** holding the man, tension in the air like a tripwire.

HEATHER

What the hell's going on?!

LEE

(gritting his teeth,
holding **PERV's** arms
behind his back)
I just walked in and caught this creep *feeling her up*. Had his hands on her leg.

HEATHER

(disgusted)

Ugh—what the fuck is wrong with you?! You perverted freak!

PERV

(struggling)

It was just a compliment!

LEE

Nah. You're lucky I don't break your damn jaw.

LEE shoves **PERV** out the office door—hard.

37 **EXT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.**

37

PERV stumbles outside into the gravel, landing hard on his side.

LEE

Don't come back in here, you sick bastard!

He slams the door shut behind him.

38 **INT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER.**

38

AUTUMN is trembling slightly, breathing shaky.

HEATHER, puts an arm around her.

HEATHER

Are you okay?

AUTUMN

Yeah... I think so. Just... gross.

LEE

You want me to call the cops?

AUTUMN

(shakes head)

No... let's just get out of here. Please.

SLAM TO:

39 **EXT. JUNKYARD - YARD - LATE DAY.**

39

The golden haze of sunset bleeds across rows of rusted-out cars and overgrown weeds.

KEVIN crouches under the hood of a battered old SUV, a beer tucked between the radiator and battery.

A half-burned joint dangles from his lips, smoke curling lazily in the still air.

He wipes sweat from his brow with a grease-streaked sleeve, then tugs hard on a cracked radiator hose. The hose groans—then *SNAPS FREE*, spraying a bit of old coolant onto his shirt.

KEVIN

Ah—shit...

He sets the hose aside and reaches for a rusted wrench from a nearby open toolbox.

CLOSE ON:

His hands—weathered, shaky from the buzz—tighten around the corroded bolts of the water pump.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(muttering to himself)

C'mon, you stubborn bastard...

He cracks the beer open with one hand, takes a swig, then exhales deeply—half from exhaustion, half from the high settling in.

FADE TO.

40 **INT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - LATE DAY**

40

The dim room hums with the dusty crackle of an old radio playing swing-era 30s/40s music. A slow fan clicks, pushing hot air in lazy circles.

LEE paces near the door, annoyed.

HEATHER leans against a cluttered counter, gazing out the grimy window.

LEE

(grumbling)

What the hell's taking them so long? Yard's probably about to close.

HEATHER

(sighs, playful)

I miss my baby boy KEVIN...

LEE

(dry)

Yuck. Don't make me throw up in my mouth.

AUTUMN

(smiling, without looking up from her phone)

I think it's sweet. Someday I want a love like that.

LEE

Yeah? Then you'll be broke, tired, and stuck in a junkyard.

HEATHER playfully swats him.

LEE (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Alright, I'm gonna go find them. See if we can get the hell outta here.

HEATHER

I'm coming too.

LEE

Cool. **AUTUMN**—stay here. If that old redneck comes back, find out how much time we've got before he shuts the gate.

HEATHER

(snorts))

He's probably already half-drunk in his trailer, watching reruns of NASCAR and eating cold beans.

AUTUMN

(laughs)

Hahaha! Let's hope not...

LEE and **HEATHER** head out, the rusty creaking open and slamming shut behind them, bells jingle violently.

CUT TO:

41

EXT. JUNKYARD - LATE DAY.

41

The rusted bones of old cars stretch in every direction. Faint wind kicks up dust. The sun hangs low – bleeding orange behind the tree-line.

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC-

POV THROUGH THE SIDE WINDOW OF A CAR DOOR ON:

LEE and **HEATHER** make their way between the rows, shadows growing longer with every step.

LEE

(grumbling)

Man, I hope Kev's just about done.
I'm starving... and starting to
crash.

HEATHER

(nods, weary)

Yeah, me too. I'm feeling' kinda
off. Like... nauseous.

LEE slows down, glancing at her with concern.

LEE

You okay? Why? Something you ate?

HEATHER

(shrugs)

Maybe. Or just the heat... or nerves.
I dunno. I just wanna get outta
here, get to camp, lie down.

LEE

(sincerely)

We'll get you outta here. Let's
find him, grab the parts, and
bounce.

HEATHER nods, wiping sweat from her brow. The two continue walking – the junkyard growing more silent, more claustrophobic with every step.

The wind kicks up again, carrying the creak of a distant metal door... or something else.

LEE (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 You hear that?

HEATHER
 (pauses)
 ... Yeah.

They exchange a look — half alert, half uneasy — then move deeper into the yard.

FADE OUT TO:

42 **INT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - EVENING**

42

The creepy warble of 1930s big-band jazz echoes faintly from a dusty corner radio. Shadows stretch long across the cluttered office. A single fly buzzes past a flickering overhead light.

AUTUMN sits in the same cracked chair, hunched over her phone, tapping rapidly at a game. Her face glows from the screen.

A long beat.

She glances up.

Checks the old wall clock.

AUTUMN
 (muttering)
 Where the hell is this old man
 at...?

She sighs, stands, cracks her neck.

43 **INT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - EVENING (CONT.)**

43

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC-

Boredom creeping in, **AUTUMN** starts idly browsing through the junk scattered across the counter — rusted carburetors, broken gauges, moldy paperwork.

She picks up a bizarre tool — inspects it like it's alien.

Suddenly—

CRASHHHHH!!!

A loud metallic clatter from deep in the junkyard office.

AUTUMN freezes.

Wide eyes.

AUTUMN

Oh, *fuck this*.

She bolts for the door. And leaves.

44

EXT. JUNKYARD - EVENING

44

Twilight blankets the junkyard. The twisted wrecks cast haunting shadows. **AUTUMN** hurries in — the wrong direction — calling out.

AUTUMN

(shouting, nervous)

Lee? Kevin? Heather?!

Only silence.

She slows... eyes darting around.

And then — a shape.

A girl, limping, disheveled, face bruised, leg wrapped in bloody rags. Hair soaked, filthy.

JOSLYN stumbles into view from between two stacks of rusted vans.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(startled)

Oh my god — are you okay?! What happened to you?!

JOSLYN

(panicked, breathless)

He almost got me... he *had* me. I...
I got away...

AUTUMN

Who?! Who did this?

JOSLYN

The man... *in the metal mask*.

(tears in her eyes)

He killed my boyfriend. Ripped his throat out, with crow bar like it was paper. So much blood... it was everywhere.

AUTUMN

(swallows hard, heart
pounding)

Jesus... I can't leave. My brother,
my friends - I have to find them.

JOSLYN

Okay. I'll help you. But if we see
him - *run*. Don't stop. Don't
scream. Just *run*.

JOSLYN grabs a tire iron from the dirt - her hand trembling
as she grips it tight.

Together, they move cautiously deeper into the maze of
twisted metal and rusted wrecks - one girl looking for
friends, the other... looking for death.

45

EXT. JUNKYARD - EVENING

45

Orange twilight filters through a jungle of twisted metal and
forgotten cars.

LEE and **HEATHER** spot **KEVIN** crouched over an engine bay,
yanking out the final part. Sweat glistens on his brow. A
wrench clinks as it hits the ground.

HEATHER

(overjoyed)
There you are!

She rushes him, wraps her arms around his waist. They kiss -
sweet, warm, with relief.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I missed you, baby...

KEVIN

(grinning)
Missed you too, babe.

LEE

(sighing)
You done? Please tell me you're
done - I'm starving and could pass
out standing up.

KEVIN

Yup, just finished. Last piece is
out.

LEE

Thank god. After the shitty day we've had, I need a beer...some food, and maybe twelve hours of sleep.

KEVIN

Food sounds good.

HEATHER

(teasing)

Good, 'cause I've got a surprise for later.

KEVIN

(raising an eyebrow,
playful)

Oh yeah? Something sexy, just you and me... in our tent?

HEATHER

(flirty smirk)

Not that kind of surprise. It's for everyone.

KEVIN

(confused)

Everyone? What kind of surprise needs a group audience?

HEATHER

(grinning)

When we're around the campfire — drinks in hand, food on our plates, all chillin'... I'll make an announcement.

KEVIN

(smiling)

You're mysterious, girl. I like it.

LEE

Enough mystery. Campfire and food, drinks? Count me in.

KEVIN

By the way — where's **AUTUMN**?

LEE

Back at the office. She stayed to see if that old redneck comes back and lets us know how long we've got before the place closes.

KEVIN

(slightly concerned)
You sure she's good by herself?

LEE

She's probably glued to her phone
like usual.

KEVIN

Still, man — junkyards aren't
playgrounds. Sharp metal, busted
glass... not great for a teenage
girl on her own.

LEE

Yeah, yeah. We'll grab our stuff
and swing by to get her.

KEVIN

Let's pack it all up and get the
hell outta here.

The two of them start loading tools and salvaged parts into
the toolbox and bags. A chill wind starts to pick up.

The light is fading.

While **HEATHER** walks ahead.

46

EXT. JUNKYARD - EVENING

46

HEATHER walks a few paces ahead of the group, looking back
with a grin.

HEATHER

Hey guys — gotta pee, again. Don't
wait up.

LEE

You're gonna have to carry your own
bladder next time, better hurry it
up, or we will leave your ass here.

HEATHER

Y'all better be joking.. otherwise
KEVIN, you'll be finding yourself a
new GF.

KEVIN

We won't leave you, babe. Just
hurry, okay?

HEATHER smirks, flipping them off playfully before slipping between two rows of rusted cars.

47

EXT. JUNKYARD - BETWEEN RUSTED CARS - EVENING

47

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC.

HEATHER moves cautiously, brushing past jagged metal and broken glass.

Sound: A distant CREAK of metal.

She pauses, glances around.

HEATHER

LEE, you better not be fucking with me...

She finds a semi-private spot, squats behind a rusted van. As she pulls down her underwear—

SLICE.

Her heel catches the edge of something razor-sharp. Blood splashes into the dirt.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Aaaahhh! Son of a—!

She tumbles forward onto her hands and knees, wincing. Tries to pull her foot up, but it's slick with blood.

HEATHER'S POV: blood oozes from the gash. Her breathing quickens.

Sound: A slow, metallic CLINK.

Then silence.

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC— continues

HEATHER'S head jerks up. Her eyes scan the shadows.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(shakily)

Hello...? **KEVIN?**

Silence.

Then—

POV ON : A GLOVED HAND CREEPS INTO FRAME BEHIND HER. HOLDING A JAGGED, WELDED WEAPON.

She senses something. Turns head slightly—

THRUST!

The weapon drives into her from behind, bursting through her abdomen.

HEATHER gasps — air, not sound, escapes. Blood sprays the gravel.

She collapses forward, convulsing.

From under the car: the killer's face looms close now — a crude metal mask, stitched, welded and riveted together.

He vanishes into the shadows.

Silence.

48

EXT. JUNKYARD - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

48

AUTUMN and **JOSLYN** push through a maze of rusting cars and twisted metal. The tire iron clinks softly in **JOSLYN's** hand. Her eyes dart everywhere, scanning shadows.

Up ahead, **LEE** and **KEVIN** walking towards them.

AUTUMN

(excited shout)

LEE!!

She takes off, sprinting toward them. **JOSLYN** limps quickly behind, trying to keep up.

AUTUMN slams into **LEE's** arms, hugging him tight.

LEE

What the hell, **AUTUMN**?

You were supposed to stay in the office. We were coming back for you.

AUTUMN

(frantically)

I heard a loud crash — I got scared! I didn't wanna wait alone anymore. I came to find you guys.

KEVIN notices **JOSLYN** limping toward them. He rushes over to help her walk the last stretch.

KEVIN

Whoa — hey, are you okay?

JOSLYN

(strained, urgent)

We have to get out of here. Now.

AUTUMN

(safe in LEE's arm)

There's someone out here. He's killing people...

JOSLYN

(interrupting, breathless)

He got my boyfriend. We came to steal parts... he was under a hood, and when I found him, his throat was gone — torn open.

JOSLYN's voice cracks. Her hand trembles on the tire iron.

JOSLYN (CONT'D)

There was so much blood...

KEVIN and **LEE** exchange stunned, pale glances.

JOSLYN (CONT'D)

It was my fault. I was supposed to be the lookout... I wasn't there. I messed up.

(starting to cry)

He's dead because of me.

KEVIN looks back over his shoulder, toward the path they came from — where **HEATHER** was last seen.

JOSLYN (CONT'D)

(after a deep breath)

After I found him... I saw *him*. Big guy. Metal mask. I hid — behind a stack of cars. I stayed there for what felt like hours.

AUTUMN

That's when I found her.

JOSLYN

We need to call the cops. We need to get out of here. If he sees us, he *will* kill us.

LEE

You're safe now, both of you. I'm not letting anything happen to my sister — or anyone else.

He pulls **AUTUMN** closer. Protective. Eyes scanning.

LEE (CONT'D)

But we're not leaving without **HEATHER**. We left her back there to pee. She should've been close...

49

EXT. JUNKYARD - EVENING (CONTINUED)

49

The group hurries back, retracing their steps.

Suddenly, **KEVIN** stops cold in his tracks. His eyes narrow.

KEVIN

(tense whisper)

Wait... I saw something — right there. Between those cars.

The group freezes.

LEE

What did you see?

KEVIN

I don't know. Just a blur... but it moved fast.

JOSLYN

(terrified)

Did he see us?

AUTUMN

(whispering)

We need to hide...

JOSLYN

(frantic whisper)

If he saw us — he's already coming.

Silence.

The wind sighs through twisted metal and broken glass.

Then... faint, dragging footsteps on gravel.

CUT TO:

50 **EXT. JUNKYARD - EVENING**

50

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC-

Between rusting carcasses of old trucks and shattered windshields...

DOG (a hulking figure in a metal mask, Dodged, deliberate) creeps through the shadows.

His boots crunch slowly across loose gravel.

He glances left, then right - a predator stalking prey.

CUT BACK TO:

51 **EXT. JUNKYARD - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)**

51

KEVIN freezes, eyes locking onto a glimpse of movement.

KEVIN
 (pointing)
 Yup - there he goes...

A flash of metal disappears behind a stack of cars.

AUTUMN grabs **LEE's** arm, eyes wide with fear.

JOSLYN tightens her grip on the tire iron.

But **KEVIN** bolts.

LEE
 KEVIN! Wait -!

KEVIN is already gone, sprinting between cars, chasing the shadow.

POV - **KEVIN** - RUNNING

The rows of twisted wrecks blur past.

He dips and weaves through tight alleys of scrap.

The occasional glint of something metallic ahead urges him on.

He slows his running to a paced walk.

Slowly scanning the area, rows of cars.

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC-

KEVIN
(panting)
Come on... come on...

He ducks and dodges, slips past a leaning SUV door hanging from its hinges.

A distant *clang* – maybe footsteps, maybe metal on metal.

FLASH TO:

52 EXT /JUNKYARD/ EVENING (CONT)

Chain with tow-hook rips through sky.

FLASH BACK TO:

53 EXT /JUNKYARD/ EVENING (CONT)

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC- CONT.

POV **Kevin** walking.

KEVIN dipping between and around cars, down rows of lined up cars.. Searching for DOG AKA (man in metal mask)

A Tow hook flys down and catches **KEVIN** while he's walking right under his chin, hook rips into **KEVIN'S** neck. Blood sprays everywhere.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

54 **EXT /JUNKYARD/ EVENING (CONT)**

KEVIN
(gurgling noises)
Yuuuggggg
Blood sprays out from **KEVIN's**
neck...

POV DOWN AT **KEVIN**

KEVIN'S neck is (fish hooked) by tow chains hook.

KEVIN reaching up for tow chain hook in his neck.

KEVIN'S body is pulled upwards by tow hook.

CUT TO BLACK.

OFF-SCREEN,

KEVIN'S head is ripped off by tow chain hook, but hear the noise of his head being ripped off.

RRRRRIIIIPPPPP!!!!

CUT BACK TO:

55 **EXT /JUNKYARD/ EVENNING (CONT)**

55

KEVIN'S head hanging from tow chain hook, **KEVIN'S** body laying down below on ground, Chain being held by **DOG AKA (MAN IN METAL MASK)**

JUMP CUT TO:

56 **EXT. JUNKYARD - LATE EVENING**

56

The sky fades fast — indigo swallowing orange.

Shadows stretch long between rows of crushed cars and rusted husks.

LEE, **AUTUMN**, and **JOSLYN** move slowly, each step measured. Careful.

Eyes scanning every corner of rusted steel.

LEE

(low, steady)

Stay close. Eyes up. We move now —
and we find **HEATHER**.

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC-

He crouches behind the shell of a stripped-out pickup, breath heavy.

AUTUMN and **JOSLYN** crouch beside him.

LEE (CONT'D)

(whispering to himself)

Where the hell is she...

CREAK.

Up ahead, the soft groan of a car door swings in the wind.

The breeze kicks up. Trash and torn fabric swirl.

A loose seatbelt dances like a limp flag.

CLATTER – something falls nearby.

They inch forward.

Then–

A hand.

Bloodied. Draped over the edge of a crushed trunk.
Motionless.

LEE'S eyes go wide.

He steps forward, cautiously.

Grabs the trunk lid–

Opens it.

Inside lies **HEATHER**.

Her body mangled. Her face twisted in frozen fear. Blood everywhere.

LEE stumbles back, horrified.

Grabs **AUTUMN**, shielding her before she can see.

JOSLYN gasps – catches just a glimpse. She turns away and pukes, trembling.

AUTUMN

(struggling in his arms)
Was it Heather???

LEE

(choked up)
I'm afraid so...

AUTUMN

(tearing up)
S-she was pregnant...
She was gonna tell everyone tonight
back at camp.
She found out earlier – in the
bathrooms up at the office.
She didn't even get to tell
KEVIN...

CRASH!!!

A huge metal object slams down just feet away. A FLYWHEEL like axe. (a AXE Handle with a Flywheel bolted to it) slams down on a car.

Then-

DOG — the man in the metal mask — steps from behind a nearby car.

Towering. Silent. A hulking silhouette, mask glinting in the last scraps of daylight.

LEE
(backing away, shielding
the girls)
Shit...

He grabs a large Hammer from the ground.

Eyes locked. Unblinking.

LEE (CONT'D)
(pushes them behind him)
Girls — run. Now.

I'll hold him off. Go.

Find **KEVIN**.

AUTUMN
(struggling, tears
running)
Love you, **LEE**...

AUTUMN rips free and runs.

JOSLYN close behind. They dart between the rows of dead cars — fast, precise, desperate.

LEE squares off, Hammer in hand, bracing for what's coming.

57

EXT. JUNKYARD - LATE EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

57

LEE grips the Hammer. Breath slow. Focused.

DOG stands across from him — still, silent, watching.

A long beat.

Then-

DOG CHARGES.

Like a bull through twisted steel.

LEE sidesteps – swings.

CLANG! The Hammer smashes **DOG** in the ribs. He staggers.

LEE follows up, slamming the Hammer onto **DOG'S** back.

A low grunt – the first sound **DOG** makes.

LEE doesn't stop –

Another hit. And another. Driving **DOG** backward between two junked sedans.

LEE
(shouting)
You sick bastard!

DOG swings a heavy, fisted gloved hand with bolts through the knuckles –

WHAM! It grazes **LEE'S** face.

Blood sprays and pours out from **LEE'S** face.

LEE stumbles, but recovers – SLAMS the Hammer across **DOG's** mask.

SPARKS FLY. **DOG'S** head jerks. He's knocked down to one knee.

LEE sees his shot.

He rushes – hammer overhead, screaming.

LEE (CONT'D)
You're not taking anyone else!

He strikes – over and over –

Blows raining down like lightning.

DOG reels. Mask dented. Blood trickles from beneath it.

A final blow knocks **DOG** flat onto his back. Still.

LEE stands over him, panting. Shaking.

LEE (CONT'D)
(quiet, to himself)
Got you... you sick freak...

A pause.

But **DOG'S** hand twitches.

Then, in a BLUR, **DOG** jumps forwards and charges —Shoulder first. Tackling **LEE**.

WHACK! **LEE** crashes to the ground on to his back, Hammer knocked from his hand.

LEE tries to crawl backwards — crab walking

But **DOG** is up. Towering. Breathing hard now. A new fury in his movements.

He grabs **LEE** by the head — LIFTS HIM into the air.

LEE (CONT'D)
(struggling, panicked)
NO — NO—

DOG SPINS — AND SLAMS **LEE** onto a nearby car's hood.

LEE gasps — wind knocked out.

DOG grabs him again — dragging him toward something.

Behind them — sticking up at a sick angle —

A jagged, vertical metal pipe — rusted, sharp, jutting from the ground.

LEE sees it. Eyes go wide.

LEE (CONT'D)
(panicking)
WAIT—DON'T—PLEASE—

DOG LIFTS HIM HIGH — AND SLAMS HIM DOWN.

SHLUNK!

The pipe PIERCES THROUGH **LEE'S** BACK — straight out his chest.

BLOOD EXPLODES across the junkyard floor.

LEE convulses. Mouth open. No scream — just a guttural, dying gasp.

DOG steps back.

LEE twitches — then stills — skewered like meat on a spit.

Blood pours.

It pools beneath the rusted pipe.

Steam rising in the cold air.

DOG flicks his head upwards fast, his hair flies up – almost like brushing off **LEE'S** attack.

Then turns – vanishing back between the rows of dead machines.

Silence returns.

The only sound –

A fast spraying of blood hitting oil-stained gravel.

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC-

SMASH CUT TO:

58

EXT. JUNKYARD - LATE EVENING - ELSEWHERE

58

AUTUMN and **JOSLYN** sprint full-speed through tight corridors of crumpled metal and broken glass.

Their breath ragged. Adrenaline pushing them past exhaustion.

Behind them – somewhere distant – the echo of metal slamming and glass smashing.

JOSLYN

(panting)

What if he's not okay... What if

LEE-

(swallows hard)

We shouldn't have left him...

AUTUMN

(fighting tears)

He made us! We- we have to find

KEVIN! He'll help-

They dart around a rusted-out van, nearly tripping on a busted bumper.

AUTUMN grabs **JOSLYN** to steady her.

They pause. Listen.

Silence... then-

A METALLIC SCREECH.

Somewhere far – or close – it's impossible to tell in this maze of wreckage.

AUTUMN clenches her jaw, eyes wide with fear and fury.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 (quiet, bitter)
 She was pregnant...
HEATHER was pregnant...

JOSLYN looks at her — stunned. The weight of that hits hard.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 She never got to tell him. She was
 going to tell **KEVIN** tonight...
 (sobs)
 Now she's just... just a body in a
 f**king trunk...

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC-

Suddenly — a figure steps into frame ahead.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 (startled whisper)
KEVIN...?

The figure turns.

It's not **KEVIN**.

Just a silhouette.

Standing still. Watching.

AUTUMN grabs **JOSLYN'S** hand. Pulls her back into the shadows.

They crouch behind a stack of tires.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 We can't stop. We find **KEVIN**, we
 get a vehicle, and we drive. I
 don't care if we crash through the
 f**king gate.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 Surely something here by the office
 has keys in it.

JOSLYN
 What if he's dead too?

AUTUMN looks at her — eyes hard now. No tears. Just survival.

AUTUMN
 Then we drive without him.

Suddenly – the sound of sprinting from the left – fast and erratic.

The girls whirl–

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC–

DOG BURSTS INTO VIEW, filthy, with the look of terror.

DOG steps up behind the wreck – on top of a crushed car.

Silhouetted by the last dying glow of evening.

His mask glinting.

Covered in blood.

JOSLYN

(screaming)

RUN!!!

They take off again, full sprint into the narrowing rows of twisted metal and chaos.

Running away.

JOSLYN (CONT'D)

(urgent, panicked)

We have to GO! NOW! He killed **LEE** –
I know it – he–
That thing's not human!

AUTUMN breaks – runs full stride.

JOSLYN (CONT'D)

We need to split up he can't get us
both, your younger faster than him.
You can out run him. don't stop for
nothing, run as fast as you
can..... Get your self to safety.

AUTUMN, JOSLYN each run in other directions then each other.

59

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHTFALL - SPLIT PATHS

59

AUTUMN veers left – sprinting through a tunnel of stacked cars, ducking under twisted metal and leaping over shattered glass. Her breath is ragged, eyes wide with terror.

JOSLYN darts right – weaving into a deeper section of the yard, darker, more maze-like. The distance between them grows with each frantic step.

Their footsteps pound in opposite directions — heavy, desperate.

DOG, on the crushed car roof, turns his head — mechanical, slow — tracking.

A moment of choice.

He jumps down — silent, deliberate —

And

Then **CHARGES** after **JOSLYN**.

CUT TO:

60

EXT. JUNKYARD - AUTUMN'S PATH - SAME TIME

60

AUTUMN trips, tumbles hard — her palm slicing on jagged scrap. She winces, pushing herself up, shaking. Somewhere behind her, silence. Then distant footsteps — fading, not coming her way.

She looks back. No one.

AUTUMN
(whispering)
He went after her...

She hesitates — torn.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
(low, trembling)
Come on, **JOSLYN**... run...

AUTUMN forces herself to keep going, limping now — determination in every painful stride.

CUT TO:

61

EXT. JUNKYARD - JOSLYN'S PATH - CONTINUOUS

61

JOSLYN sprints through a canyon of burned-out sedans — each shadow a threat. She skids, glancing behind.

Footsteps. Heavy. Gaining.

She ducks into a narrow gap between vehicles, crawling fast, her breath sharp and shallow.

Suddenly — a metallic thud behind her.

She freezes.

A long pause.

Then—

DOG'S MASKED FACE SLAMS DOWN IN FRONT OF HER — upside down, peering through the gap.

JOSLYN SCREAMS.

DOG reaches in — but **JOSLYN KICKS OUT**, catches him hard in the chest.

She wriggles free and **BURSTS** out the other side.

Breathless. Desperate.

She keeps running.

JOSLYN
(fierce, gasping)
Not tonight... not me...!

She disappears into the shadows.

CUT BACK TO:

62

EXT. JUNKYARD - AUTUMN'S ESCAPE ATTEMPT - NIGHT

62

AUTUMN limps through a jagged corridor of crushed sedans and gutted SUVs, clutching her side. Her face is a mask of grime, blood, and panic.

She stumbles — drops to her knees.

AUTUMN
(through gritted teeth)
Come on... get up...

She claws her way to her feet again.

She rounds a corner — and sees it:

In the distance —

A rusted service truck sits headlights on, its door wide open. The interior light flickers.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
(barely believing it)
Yes... oh my god, yes...

AUTUMN limps harder through the wreckage, breath wheezing, blood trailing from her arm and scalp. Panic in her eyes, but determination too.

— adrenaline spiking.

She bolts for, The driver-side door open.

63

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

63

AUTUMN climbs in — slamming the door behind her.

Keys already in the ignition.

She grips them with shaking hands.

Twists.

Click-click-click— nothing.

AUTUMN

No... NO...

She breathes hard — tries again.

The Truck chokes.

Again — choke. Cough. Sputter.

She SLAMS her palm on the wheel.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(starting to cry)

Please... PLEASE...

She tries again—

vrooom — The engine finally turns over.

Her eyes widen with disbelief — hope flooding in.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

YES!

She grabs the gearshift. Throws it into DRIVE. Hits the gas.

The tires lurch — but don't move.

She jolts forward, smashes her head against the steering wheel.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 (gasping)
 What the—?

She slams harder on the gas. The truck revs, tires grinding uselessly in place.

She looks out.

The front wheels are chained to a nearby post. Heavy links pulled tight, nearly hidden in the shadows.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 He... chained it.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
 NO!!

She shifts to reverse. Hits the gas again — the chain pulls taut, rattles violently.

BANG!

Suddenly—

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC—

THUD. THUD. THUD.

Heavy boots — approaching fast from the drivers side.

AUTUMN looks — and there he is.

DOG.

Mask gleaming. Blood-soaked glove raised.

She tries to scramble across the seat — but too late.

CRASH!

The window EXPLODES as **DOG** SMASHES the side in with a Heavy PISTON MACE, (heavy truck piston, bolted to heavy bar).

AUTUMN screams and dives for the passenger door — opens it and rolls out onto the gravel.

AUTUMN hits the ground hard — gets up, limping full-speed into the maze of cars.

Behind her — **DOG** drops from the cab like a ghost, never rushing, never speaking.

But gaining.

65 **EXT. JUNKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

65

AUTUMN slips and slams into a fender. Grits her teeth — keeps going.

She spots a school bus— a narrow gap of the door open.

AUTUMN
(muttering)
Hide, hide, hide...

She slides in —

Inside: darkness. Wet. Claustrophobic. She clamps a hand over her mouth.

66 **EXT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS**

66

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC—

DOG walks into frame.

Boots crunch gravel. Heavy. Methodical.

He pauses.

Listens.

AUTUMN'S breathing is ragged. She bites down on her own hand to stay silent.

DOG begins to walk away.

AUTUMN'S eyes fill with cautious hope — she begins to shimmy back out—

WHAM!

A hand grabs her ankle.

AUTUMN
(screaming)
NO!!

She kicks and thrashes.

He grunts — yanks harder.

DOG pulls her out by the legs, flips her onto her back.

AUTUMN reaches – grabs a 1" wrench laying on the ground –
SWINGS.

Misses–

He staggers. Groans.

AUTUMN crawls toward a stack of tires – reaches for a tire
iron four way on the ground.

She grabs it – turns – just as **DOG** **TACKLES HER**.

They tumble into the side of a car – glass shatters.

DOG rises, breath heavy – **DOG** picks her up like a sack of
meat – tosses her over his shoulder.

AUTUMN, barely conscious, dangles. Blood dripping steadily.

She reaches out weakly toward the sky, the stacked cars, the
stars overhead.

DOG **SLAMS HER** back-first onto the gravel.

She hits hard. Air leaves her lungs in a painful wheeze.

She rolls over on her belly.

She tries to crawl – sobbing, blood from her mouth.

DOG lifts his foot – and **STOMPS** on her calf.

SNAP.

AUTUMN howls.

DOG kneels over her – and places the handle of the Heavy
PISTON MACE, under her throat.

With a sudden jerk – a choking, guttural gasp escapes her
lips.

AUTUMN twitches – eyes wide, trying to scream, but nothing
comes out.

Her reaching hand, fingers twitch...

Then fall still flat on the ground.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

67

EXT. JUNKYARD - WITH JOSLYN - NIGHT

67

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC-

JOSLYN runs hard, limping, nearly falling every few steps.

She dives into a low corridor of crushed vans - crawling now.

Breath wheezing.

She squeezes into a small space beneath a flipped car - dark, wet, sharp metal everywhere.

She curls up. Hiding. Trembling.

Silence.

- BANG!

A body lands hard on the hood of a nearby car's hood.

She turns.

It's **LEE'S** CORPSE - slammed down from above.

Blood still dripping from the pipe skewered through him.

She screams.

JOSLYN covers her mouth, biting down to keep from sobbing.

Then... the sound of slow, dragging footsteps.

DOG walks past - footsteps right outside the car.

Then - a pause.

A metallic creak. A door slowly moved. A chain brushing against another.

And then - he stops walking.

A beat.

JOSLYN trembles.

And then- a hand reaches under the car.

JOSLYN screams as **DOG** grabs her ankle and drags her out, kicking and thrashing.

She claws at the gravel, blood streaking her fingertips.

JOSLYN
NO—NO—LET GO!

DOG lifts her high — she SPITS in his face — it splashes on his mask.

For a second, **DOG** pauses.

Then—

He SLAMS HER down spine-first onto a broken windshield.

Glass explodes beneath her — slicing into her back.

JOSLYN gasps — then SCREAMS — thrashing.

She reaches for a metal trash can lid nearby — swings it — SMASHES it into **DOG'S** side.

He recoils just slightly.

She tries to crawl again — dragging herself under a car — when **DOG** reaches down and grabs her, yanks her back.

One swift move — he swings the Heavy PISTON MACE.

And with a sickening CRACK — he caves in her ribs.

JOSLYN coughs blood. Barely breathing. Still alive — but broken.

DOG crouches — watching her bleed — **DOG** flicks his head upward fast, his hair flies up — out of his face.

— she's not dead. Not yet.

He leaves her there laying as he walks off into the maze again.

CUT TO.

68

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

68

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC—

CLOSE ON: A MUDDY BOOT CLUNKS DOWN ON THE RUSTED STEP OF AN OLD TOW TRUCK.

CLOSE ON: A GLOVED HAND REACHES FOR THE DOOR HANDLE.

CREAK. The door groans open.

OFF CAMERA: The engine chokes... then roars to life.

CUT TO:

69

EXT. JUNKYARD - DEEPER INTO THE WRECKAGE - NIGHT

69

A low fog crawls between twisted steel. Somewhere in the maze, the tow truck rumbles — steady and low, like a beast breathing in the dark.

CLOSE ON: THE TRUCK'S REAR. A BATTERED, BAR-COVERED SEDAN DANGLES FROM ITS CHAIN-LIFT, HALF-DRAGGED, FRONT TIRES SKIMMING GRAVEL.

Suddenly — the tow truck lurches forward.

CUT TO:

70

EXT. JUNKYARD - EDGE OF THE YARD - NIGHT

70

JOSLYN zigzags through rusted corridors, dodging bumpers and ducking under hanging chains. Her breath ragged. Eyes wild.

She squeezes between two crushed vehicles, emerging beside the dark, looming junkyard office.

She makes a desperate charge for the door.

JOSLYN

(whispering)

Please... please be open...

She grabs the handle — locked.

JOSLYN (CONT'D)

Come on, come on...

Then — a sound.

Low. Mechanical. An engine.

She freezes. Listens. Lifts her head.

HER POV: THROUGH TWISTED WRECKAGE — FLICKERING HEADLIGHTS.

THE TOW TRUCK RUMBLES PAST IN THE DISTANCE.

CHAINS GRINDING. TIRES CRUNCHING GRAVEL.

WIDE SHOT: THE TRUCK DRAGS THE SEDAN LIKE CARRION.

71 **INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

71

SFX: HORROR SCORE MUSIC.

AUTUMN slumped in the driver's seat.
One wrist shackled to the wheel — the other end welded to the frame.

Bruised. Bloodied. One eye swollen shut.

Her chest rises, barely. Alive.
Her head lifts weakly. She looks around.

Cracked windshield. Dash littered with glass.
The air reeks — gasoline and blood.

She screams — but no one hears.

CLOSE ON: HER EYES. TEARS. NOT FROM PAIN — FROM REALIZATION.

No one is coming.

This isn't a prison.

It's a coffin.

AUTUMN closes her eyes.

Mouths a name. A prayer. A goodbye.

CUT BACK TO:

72 **EXT. JUNKYARD - BACK LOT - NIGHT**

72

JOSLYN bursts into a clearing — just in time to see the truck's taillights vanish around a corner.

Metal fades.

Silence returns.

She falls to her knees. Punches gravel. Screams into dirt.

JOSLYN

(whispers)

AUTUMN...

She looks up. Face smeared with blood and tears.

Wipes her mouth. Stands.

Her eyes now... cold. Focused.

JOSLYN (CONT'D)

(low, steady)

I'm gonna find you.

And I'm gonna burn this whole place
down.

SMASH TO BLACK.